

THE BEE

Published
at
1109 Eye St., N. W., Washington,
D. C.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

Entered at the Post Office at Wash-
ington, D. C., as second-class
mail matter.

ESTABLISHED 1880.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year in advance...\$2.00
Six months..... 1.00
Three months..... .50
Subscription monthly..... .20

MONEY FOR COLORED SCHOOLS

If the law enacted by Congress June, 1864, which "provided that such a proportion of all school funds raised in Washington and Georgetown should be set apart for colored schools as the number of colored children between the ages of six and seventeen bear to the whole number of children in said cities" be adhered to there would be no reason for any argument or charge of discrimination between the Commissioners of the District of Columbia and the Board of Education.

This wise and just, to all concerned law was drawn by the late Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire, generally known among old Washingtonians as the father of the educational system for colored children in the cities of Washington and Georgetown — and was found to work without friction, and rendered equal and exact justice to both white and colored schools. The law was strictly observed, and in fact so much so that when the late Matthew G. Emery was elected mayor of Washington, upon his attention being called by the then Auditor Petty, that there was a large amount of money due the colored schools, being shown by Auditor Petty the figures, ordered that the money be placed to the credit of the colored school fund. The law was adhered to for some time after the order of the District Commissioners consolidating the several school boards, which took effect August 8, 1874, but for some unexplained reason has, up to this time, been ignored. The law, as stated before, worked no injustice to either white or colored school, as the amount paid for the support of the colored school was proportionately based upon what was actually provided for the white schools. In other words, the colored school fund was predicated upon the proportion and in no way curtailed the amount needed for the support of the white schools. That the law was equitable is proven by the fact that during its active enforcement these existed perfect harmony among all concerned, and if any doubt exists as to its fairness and absence from friction it can soon be dispelled by conferring with Mr. Petty, who as Auditor during the active life of the law had not only official but personal knowledge of the satisfactory working of the law. The subsequent laws of Congress on school matters in no wise affected the original act of June, 1864, so far as related to the financial support of the colored schools, charging only the appointment of trustees and consolidating the then several school boards into one board for the District of Columbia. The return to the law of June, 1864, with modifications, if any are needed, will not only remove one cause for friction between Commissioners and School

Board, but make clear just what amount of money is available for both white and colored schools.

WHO'S WHO?

The burden of Prof. DuBois' attacks upon and criticism of Dr. Washington has been that Dr. Washington in many of his addresses told some plain truths as to our faults. Until industrial education became a fever with the whites, Prof. DuBois and his clan antagonized, or to be more exact tried to antagonize Dr. Washington's safe, sane propaganda of industrial education for the Negro masses. Now that the proud Anglo-Saxon, with centuries of civilization behind him, and the possessor of countless institutions of higher education has, like Dr. Washington, awoke to the necessity of industrial education for his masses, Prof. DuBois has slumped in his vituperation of Dr. Washington's industrial education idea, and now, instead, bitterly assails the Doctor because he urges stability while pointing out some of our weaknesses as a thing to flee from.

On the night of December 30, 1907, Senator Joseph Forney Johnston, of Alabama, spoke before the Algonquin Club at Boston, touching upon the race question. His address was particularly pessimistic for our race; in fact, it was rather a caustic criticism of the race. His whole argument in support of his belief in our inferiority and immorality was predicated upon a statement made by Prof. DuBois. In beginning he said: "Prof. DuBois, one of the ablest of American Negroes, says: 'Laziness and promiscuous sexual intercourse are the besetting sins of the lower class; we are diseased and developing criminal tendencies, and an alarming per cent of our men and women are impure.'"

This address of Senator Johnston, in which he assails the race upon a statement made by Prof. DuBois, has recently been ordered printed by the United States Senate as a public document, and as such is being circulated. Nowhere in any of Dr. Washington's addresses can you find a statement so harsh to the race, so unjust, and so hurtful as is this statement made by Prof. DuBois. Nowhere in any of Dr. Washington's addresses can you find a statement so pessimistic of the race. And yet this is the cynical, selfish, bigoted educator (?) who criticises Dr. Washington's optimism, and praise of and confidence in his people, among whom he lives and labors. Now, who's who?

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

It is incompatible with liberality and a real retardance to advancement for any race or class to base their estimate of a public man upon his attitude or action with respect to one single issue. As a race we are prone to be too narrow in our conception of what a public man should stand for. This of course is the result of our previous environment and condition. Take for instance the case of President Taft. Here is a man who — and, after all, he is but human — must administer for one hundred millions of people who are as varied in their ideas and sentiments as they are varied in color. It is his duty to conserve the interest of the many without impairing the opportunities and condition of the few. A most delicate and difficult proposition. Whenever President Taft has sent a message to Congress, or has delivered a public address the Negro scans the whole for a particular and segregated reference to him as a Negro. If he fails to find this, then not a few of them break out in blatant criticism, overlooking references to, and espousal of, things which make for good for all the peoples, without reference to race, color or class. As a race we must realize, and the sooner the better, that Presi-

dent Taft, or any president for that matter, cannot champion any measure or father any sentiment aimed to better the condition of the people of this country as a whole without bettering the condition of the Negro as a race. Some Negroes regard appointment to office as the only evidence of friendship which can be shown for the race. Appointments are due the worthy of us as American citizens, and, perhaps, as representatives of the race, but a president's helpfulness for a race or class must not be measured by the quantity and quality of office alone. The things which President Taft stands for are meant to benefit the whole people, and we are a part of the whole. Reciprocity will benefit the Negro in proportion as it benefits the whites. Regulation of the trusts, if it improves the economic condition of the whites, must necessarily improve the economic condition of the Negro.

To use a rather common, though expressive phrase, "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." What President Taft does for the country he likewise does for our race.

THE COLORED VOTER.

There are a few colored voters in this country who are disgruntled with the Administration and with the Republican party in general. Is the colored voter aware of the fact that the Democratic party has not as yet offered any inducements to the colored voter? Has the Democratic party in the States in which the Democratic party reigns supreme repealed the obnoxious "Jim Crow" car laws or any other law which has oppressed the colored American? The colored voter may have his grievances, but will the Democratic party better his condition? Has the Democratic party attempted by any act whatever to better the condition of the colored people? In the event of Democratic success, by the aid of the colored vote, on account of his being disgruntled, will it help his condition?

The Bee will admit that all Democrats are not alike, and there are many Republicans who are as mean as some Democrats. If the more conservative Democrats were let alone and were permitted to exercise their own judgment, The Bee is confident that colored Americans would have nothing to fear.

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi is among the progressive and fair Democrats thus far. The Bee, of course, does not know what he would do if a "Jim Crow" measure were introduced in the Senate. The Bee is judging him now from his present acts.

The colored voter had better go slow, because he may have cause to regret.

ANOTHER STOCK CO.

And now it is reported that a local paper contemplates issuing stock for a stock newspaper company. The people of this city have long since concluded that there have been enough fake stock companies organized in this city and that they don't propose to lose any more money. The last stock company that was organized was by the Colored American, from which the Washington American undoubtedly took its name. There are dozens of people in this city today who have in their possession Colored American stock.

If the local contemporary last week wants to fill a long-felt want, as it stated, certainly it does not want the people to purchase stock in an institution that will never pay. Has there ever been a newspaper stock company placed upon a paying basis in this city? If there has ever been one, The Bee is open for conviction.

M. M. LEWEY.

The editor of the Florida Sentinel had the so-called correspondent of the so-called Negro Press Bureau to write the editorial against the editor of The Bee. The editorial confirms the opinion that sensible people have of the editor of the Florida Sentinel.

He starts out by saying that the weather is too warm to reply to The Bee, but he does take time to write a column and over a quarter about it. Editor Lewey will never learn any sense. The little schooling he received did not benefit him any. The Bee understands that he could not spell "apple seed" when he was in the eighth grade. His ignorance of books and other literature accounts for his stupidity as a journalist.

There will be an Editorial Press Association.

HYPOCRITES.

The man who is generally guilty himself of offences will declare that is necessary for the community to be cleaned up. This doctrine generally obtains among Negro editors, so-called, and quasi newspaper correspondents. A Negro editor declared a few days ago that it was necessary for the good of the community to have a clean up-to-date paper. This same colored individual is himself the editor of the paper in which this editorial appeared. Men who make such declarations are generally guilty of some offenses, and to hide his own villainy he cries out for reform. Reformers are generally hypocrites and unreliable in their dealings with the people; in short, they are hypocrites.

THE BULLETIN.

The Durham (N. C.) Bulletin for July, 1911, has been issued, and The Bee is now looking over its pages. This Bulletin is a catalogue of the National Religious Training School of Durham, N. C., of which Dr. James E. Shepard is president. The Bulletin gives a complete and concise description of this great school and the work of Dr. Shepard. North Carolina is proud of this distinguished educator.

Little fellows intrigue to pull down; big men plan to build up.

Jack Johnson probably never said one-third of what the daily press attributes to him.

The man who proves false to one friend will prove false to each new-found friend in turn; just stick a pin right here.

Some men who lack the ability and reliability to advance are insanely jealous of those who possess the requisites for advancement and do advance.

"I didn't do a thing, but I won't do it again" is the plaintive wail of some misguided kids after they have been thoroughly spanked and sent to the room of reflection.

The present corps of Negro government officials are giving satisfaction to their respective departments, and to the race because they are administering their offices with intelligence and fidelity. This applies to all.

With the Negroes forming a large percent of the congested population of our large cities, President Taft's Canadian reciprocity treaty means much. And it means equally as much for the Negro farmers.

The Commissioners say the Board of Education is responsible for the discrimination in the estimates for the colored schools, and the Board of Education charges that the Commissioners are the guilty parties. With both agreeing that there has been discrimination, we ought to now get an equitable and just appropriation the colored schools.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

Last Wednesday evening I had to mix in with the small-talk people. The "small-talk" people are the society swells. I got an invitation to the Church-Johnson wedding and my wife would have thrown three different fits if I hadn't gone. Last year I folded up my dress suit, of a vintage of 1898, put it in a box with about a pound of moth balls for company, and told by little honeybunch that it was never again for me. In 1921 (I think that's about the year) the Sarbonne at Paris solemnly condemned the doctrines of old scrambled-face Martin Luther, and declared they ought to be extirpated by fire and sword. Now I wish the Sarbonne had gone a step farther and condemned society. If it had, I could have let that old dress suit of mine keep company with those moth balls till it got so use to them that it would never again have appeared in public.

But, you know, these women just simply go crazy over a fashionable wedding. And it was a six o'clock church wedding, and a wedding at that hour is quite recherche — very Connecticut avenue. Don't know how my wife and I got in on this affair, unless it being a church wedding they wanted to fill the church, and thought we would do as fillers. It may be that Link Brown got me put on the list for an invite. Link's the bride's uncle, don't you know, and Link and I have drunk many a sassafras tea together. I went, however, and I guess that little honeybunch of mine who has patiently stood me for about fifteen years, though she was at the coronation. Gee! but she did look classy in a Monican Assembly gown made over, and she felt that she was in Mrs. John Hays Hammond's class just because she got an invite along with the dieties.

Cogitating over Link Brown recalls to mind the old Metropole Club when Link played Romeo to it as Juliet — in English, was its angel My! how we fellows used to go down there and drink Link's good old red liquor fresh from the still, smoke his cigars, wear out the green cloth on his billiard tables, and then say softly, intelligently, and jauntily: "Link, just put that on my tab." If Link could cash in those "tabs" now he would have Senator Root working for Root. But Link thought he was a business man, and we thought he was a good thing. Though "good thing" is hardly the proper description — "sissage" would be more expressive as to what he really was.

There was some talk of starting another club last winter, and a couple of fellows, knowing that Link had had experience, asked him if he would join. When Link got through telling them what he thought there wasn't another cuss word left in the dictionary for Uncle Joe Cannon to debate with. Link would make a capital boniface. He's just the proper size, always has a few yards of con-con to hand out, and likes a social crowd of bacchanalians. I use to drop around to Link's house occasionally, when I was dry, but just as soon as I would get inside of the door he would beam on me that Rubens smile of his, which always reminds you of four aces, and would call back to his wife: "Anita, didn't Will Beverly drink all that was left in the bottle?" and Anita, who is the best trained wife in the Eighth precinct, would answer with: "Yes, Lincoln," in a tone of voice three degrees higher than Newport, R. I., "I believe he did." Then Link would hand me that old Chinese smile of his — you know he always near-shuts his eyes when he smiles — and say: "Old fellow, I am awfully sorry." Of course I would not stay long after that. I would just hurry out and spit cotton.

But coming back to that wedding. Now, my dress suit looks all right under gaslight, but I was afraid to trust it in daylight. It was second-hand when I bought it in 1898. I got it from one of the secretaries of the British Legation for a song and a whisper, and I have worn it to every dog fight since. A fellow of Dancy's fine, discriminating taste would not mind wearing it to a breakfast party, but the idea of me, who use to count for something in society, wearing it to Francis Grime's

church at six o'clock is shocking. I took it over to Foster's and had him work on it, but he couldn't do much to it. The old suit always makes me think of the line Byron wrote to La Fin after the Dauphin Louis was born, which was "Let us forget our dreams." I have seen several other dress suits, however, that are pretty near twin brothers to mine. Bob Pelham's got a bird, by the way, and Judge Terrell's ain't as new as Teddy's New Nationalism, and Willie Wilkinson's — well, I won't say any more.

Catching my breath, don't you know Willie Wilkinson is an amusing cuss. He weighs about as much as the last egg of a litter that a robin lays. Did you ever see Willie waltz? No? Well, then you have never been to a comedy show. Willie's dancing reminds you of Chief Low Dog at an ambassador's ball. If I waltzed like Willie I would go out to the Zoo and feed myself to the hyenas. He bends that portion of his anatomy where they usually locate a man's pistol pocket, out an angle of about sixty-five degrees; steps all over the lady's train, and tramps on her feet, and just naturally tires her out. You never saw a lady, outside of his wife, who ever waltzed twice with him, and she simply does it to humor him. If prizes were given at the Assemblies for the worst dancers Willie would take them all. I have seen a bear dance, but a bear's dancing is as graceful as Ada Walker's compared with Willie Wilkinson's dancing. The next time they give an Assembly they ought to print at the head of the invitations this line: "Willie Wilkinson will positively not appear in the dance." It would save many a lady from having a nightmare. But Willie is a good old scout at that. Sometimes he gets mixed up with the words he wants to use, and sometimes he looks wise without it signifying anything, but a more willing fellow, and a more gentlemanly fellow never woke up in Washington. Willie Wilkinson wouldn't harm a yellow dog. He just likes to boost everything and everybody. He is so opposed to knocking that he would not knock on your door if he called and happened to find you had no door bell to ring. Everybody likes him, everybody has a kind word to say for him, but as a waltzer he is simply limberger. And let me tell you Wyatt Archer, Jim Cobb and Roscoe Bruce, as waltzers, are only about ten minutes ahead of Willie.

Most of the women are away to the mountains and seashore, and as a result most of the hubbies are now "baching" it. You can always tell when a married man is keeping bachelor's hall by the way he squints at the passing bits of muslin and lace. When his wife's at home, he usually hurries along in an abstracted manner, and it takes a mighty fine looking bit of fifth rib to attract his attention. When his wife's away he turns and looks back at every woman he passes. Don't matter in what color they come, nor whether they are embonpoint, fragile, or just prime, and he never questions the age. And if they happen to deftly show their lingerie as they trip across the street he will stop still and gaze in wild abandon. Most women trust their husbands, however, and feel secure when they are away. If it were not for the confidence women have in their husbands there would be explosions every day. My wife won't leave me for a minute.

ISSUE DAILY

Little Rock, Ark., July 19.—E. M. Woods, editor of the Review, will issue his paper daily during the meeting of the Negro Business League, which will meet in this city August 16, 17 and 18. The sessions of the League will be stenographically reported. Editor Woods is a great journalist.

Fosters DYE Works

FOSTER'S DYE AND CLEANING WORKS.
(You Street, between 11th and 12th Streets, Northwest.)
Business and Display Office,
11th and You Streets, Northwest.
CALL AND INSPECT OUR WORK.

Ladies' suits a specialty.
Gentlemen's suits cleaned, pressed and sponged.
Gloves cleaned.
All goods look like new when they leave our works.

FOSTER'S DYE WORKS.